THE New Republic

Word Went Out
—Vote Gomulka

Warsaw Dispatch

Page 7

Three-Handed Checkers

Knowland, Nixon, Knight and 1960

By HELEN HILL MILLER

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Britain's New Prime Minister . . . . *Hugh Massingham*

The Budget: The Best We Can Do? . . . *An Editorial*

The Bloomsbury Brain Trust . . . *Malcolm Muggeridge*

Churchill as Machiavelli . . . . . *Charles Curran*

JANUARY 28, 1957 20c

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Washington Wire

The Next Four Years

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER took the oath on Sunday, January 20, at a family ceremony at which the pocket press, which has done so much to protect him wasn't admitted. On Monday the ceremony was repeated in public with a nice Eisenhower Inspirational. Parade tickets for the "court of the Spirit of Freedom" (the car tracks across from the White House) cost $18.75 each. The second term of America's first lame duck President began.

Two problems faced the President right away: inflation and the Middle East. Here are some Before and After quotations that illuminate each of them.

Budget

Peoria, Ill., Oct. 2, 1952: "My goal, assuming that the Cold War gets no worse, is to cut federal spending to something like $60 billion within four years."

Budget Message, Jan. 16, 1957: "I am presenting . . . my recommended budget for . . . $71.8 billion expenditures."

Peace

(Before election) April 21, 1956, Washington: "Not for many years has there been such promise (of) . . . steady decrease in the dread of war. . . ."

Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 29, 1956: "Now for some reason or other the Opposition has seen fit to paint a picture of gloom and doom abroad."

(After election) New York Times *headlines Jan. 15, 1957:* Dulles Calls Mideast Peril "Most Serious in 10 Years."

Baltimore Sun *headline, Jan. 16, 1957:* "Dulles Says Rejection of Ike Plan Could Lose Africa."

Dulles testimony, Jan. 15, 1957: "The situation is more dangerous than at the time of the Berlin airlift against the Soviet blockade . . . [without the Middle East plan] the chances are quite considerable that events will lead to war."

Our interpretation of the Eisenhower budget is that the Administration means to spend and spend, tax and tax and elect and elect. Further, that it doesn't really mean to fight inflation. It means to drift just as it did about McCarthy, about farm prices, about the Middle East. Maybe events will save it from inflation; maybe not. Ike will preach and pray but not act. We gather this from declarations that the solution is up to industry, up to labor, up to Congress—when, of course, everybody knows it is up to Eisenhower.

This reporter has a queer streak of the economic purist in him: when prosperity is booming, there ought to be a big fat budget balance instead of the spindling, anemic one Eisenhower at the height of his popularity offers. We don't object to the *size* of the budget at all, though of course it makes Ike's election pledge of "$60 billion" ridiculous. But any sensible person knew the pledge was ridiculous all the time. What goads us is the paltry balance and Ike's tendency to abdication of responsibility and leadership when inflation is threatened. The logic of his position would call for stern action to raise taxes, cut expenditures or impose federal controls. Instead of that he beats his breast over inflation and presents what is, in essence, an inflationary budget. The responsibility isn't his, he moans, it is industry's, labor's, the Congress.

Humphrey Dissents

HALF WAY through the annual George Humphrey budget seminar in the paneled Treasury office we realized that it was an historic affair. We have always liked Humphrey; he has seemed to us to represent the fiscal conservative of integrity. Here he was attacking the President's budget. He wasn't going to make an outright break, it appeared, but he was going to show his determined disapproval and unhappiness. Well, he did. The conservative was there all right: he endorsed the outrageous 27.5 percent oil depletion allowance, and he said that he would resign rather than ever go into the red for public works to combat a deflation. But it was what he added that was important. He kept insisting that if you are threatened with inflation you ought to have an anti-inflationary budget. This budget didn't suit him.

That was an honest and logical position to take. It made something of a problem for the pro-Eisenhower press but most of them explained it away by saying that both Humphrey and Eisenhower are splendid men and, dear me, what a dreadful thing inflation is and how much work the patient President must still do to educate the public! "The President will accelerate his unending effort since he took office to serve as chief pedagogue," *New York Times*-man Krock explained.

Well, the President can begin at his press conference this week. It will be the first time he has seen the press in 10 weeks and two days. In all that time he might have been educating the public through the press on a number of things. He hasn't bothered to see them.

Changing Temperature

IF WE ARE any judge, Congress will end up by approving some kind of a Middle East resolution, but it won't do so in a hurry; it won't do so until it makes it clear that it doesn't like Dulles' handling of the situation. No doubt about it, the Washington atmosphere is changing, though it hasn't gone far enough yet for us to report to you certainly on it. By contrast, in January, 1955, when Eisenhower asked for a similar blank check on Formosa, Congress put it through with a whoop and a holler, 410-to-3 in the House the day after the proposal came down; 83-to-3 in the Senate three days later. Not now. The atmosphere is different. The Nixon-Knowland fight for Ike's mantle began before Inauguration and so did the GOP conservative-liberal battle over Leonard Hall's successor. Democratic liberals and conservatives are restive toward the White House for different reasons. Secretary Humphrey is unhappy, the President dispenses with press conferences for 10 weeks, and when he makes his State of the Union speech, it is applauded only five times. These things are odd for a man just re-elected by a smashing majority. As the *Time* parody put it, "Where they all lead knows God."

Congratulations to broadcaster Edward P. Morgan for calling the shots straight on the Senate investigation of Dave Beck's notorious Teamsters' Union and to his AFL-CIO sponsors for letting him.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

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JANUARY 28, 1957

THE WEEK 3

The Best We Can Do?; Moscow and the Doctrine; Mr. Lodge's Initiative: The Communists Lose; The Word Went Out—Vote Gomulka

ARTICLES 8

Three-Handed Checkers
by Helen Hill Miller

Britain's New Prime Minister
by Hugh Massingham

Escape to Nowhere
by John G. Stoessinger

BOOKS AND COMMENT 16

Reviews: The Woolf-Strachey Letters; Churchill's History; The Hour After Westerly; Commentaries on Living

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► *Moralists and Realists*

SIRS:

I AM in something of a quandary in my reactions to Professor Morgenthau's articles (*NR*, December 10, 17) for I know him already as a thinker who believes that power politics is the ultimate constituent of international relations, while I do not. However, I believe that his two articles for the most part are not only made up of justified assertions, but of obvious facts—none the less important or valuable because they are obvious. Compared with the first frantic, then self-satisfied efforts of official spokesmen and certain commentators to obscure the resounding collapse American foreign policy experienced on the very eve of the election and since then, Professor Morgenthau's articles represent a most welcome contrast indeed.

As one who believes that American

(*Continued on page 23*)

The Best We Can Do?

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S first budget for his second term marks the end of an era. Unceasingly during 20 years of Democratic rule, 1933-52, Republicans charged that the national budget was full of "waste and extravagance," that it would take only a Republican President and a hard-headed businessman as Secretary of the Treasury to slash the cost of government down to a "reasonable level." Now the Republicans have had their chance. Secretary Humphrey has applied himself diligently. But at the end of four years the budget is back at approximately the level of Mr. Truman's last Korean War budget. The proposed spending of $71.8 billion in fiscal 1958 stands more than $13 billion higher than Mr. Eisenhower's first budget four years ago.

Moreover, this recommendation comes after a re-election landslide which makes unnecessary any immediate bid for votes. What then is the cause? The bulk of the increase is for national defense, yet only $200 million is earmarked to meet the recent crises in the Middle East. The new budget can only be taken as a Republican admission that national spending must be determined by the general state of the world and the size of the population at home. And so long as pressures from both sources continue to rise, Republican spending will rise too.

But not all of the GOP, or of the President's official family, recognize that this new era has dawned. Mr. Humphrey told his press conference that the 1958 budget is too high, that he hoped Congress would cut it, that he would not suggest where cuts should be made. But reading between the lines it was clear where he stood. He would place military reliance upon the new weapons, cutting conventional arms, a step which would guard against overt Russian aggression but leave the nation weakened in facing local wars or subversion. He would also do without some of the "civil benefits" provided for in the President's budget to carry forward the "New Republicanism." Humphrey refused even to say that he approved of federal aid to schools. Because the further cuts in the budget which Mr. Humphrey advocated could be achieved only by altering the fundamental defense and domestic policies of the President, his advice was not heeded. But the President evidently does not intend to prevent Mr. Humphrey from appealing his case indirectly to the Congress.

By default, therefore, the Congress is asked to take over and discharge the Executive responsibility for deciding the size of the national budget. And the Democratically-controlled Congress is more likely to increase national spending than decrease it. The outcome will depend upon decisions in three major fields. Congress can be expected to scale upward the level of the President's social welfare spending; to judge his military spending too small for national comfort; and on foreign economic assistance—a subject most legislators would rather forget—to appropriate reluctantly only a

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shade below the President's request. The net result will be a larger budget. Each of these three areas of decision deserves a closer look.

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Every year at budget time the President's concept of "liberal" human-rights policies married to "conservative" fiscal policies is strained severely by its built-in contradictions. The President set forth this definition of the "New Republicanism" at his press conference on January 27, 1954: "When it comes to dealing with the relationship between the human and his government, the people in this Administration believe in being what I think we would normally call liberal, and when we deal with the economic affairs of this country, we believe in being conservative."

This journal is not prepared to support the cynical view that Mr. Eisenhower merely pays lip service to social welfare measures and asks for as little money as he dares. But the President's policy, as evidenced by this budget, tolerates extensive human suffering and a steadily increasing gap between the size of the American population and the services American families require.

Since the Eisenhower Administration came to power the population of the United States has risen by 10 million, the labor force by five million, and total national production is larger by $50 billion a year. A higher volume of business means more demand for highways, for postal service, for airports. More babies born means the need for more hospitals. A jump of 6 million in school population during the first four Eisenhower years means a vastly greater demand for new schools.

This unprecedented population growth is accompanied by two other conditions which also call for more government spending. One is the long postponement of government construction during the Great Depression of the '30s, World War II and the Korean War. The other is the phenomenal growth of new suburbs with their need for more streets, water lines, utilities and health provisions.

Against this background the President's proposals for civil benefits will be judged small. When Mr. Eisenhower became President in 1953, the government was spending 2.3 percent of the nation's production on schools, natural resources and all other non-security services. Next year the President proposes to spend only 1.4 percent in this way. Thus, even though his budget for these items has risen, the President is permitting the amount of these services to lag steadily behind the mounting population and economy.

This same argument applies to the President's estimates for education, health, old-age assistance and many other welfare benefits. The President has resubmitted a proposal of last year to spend $1.25 billion on federal grants for school construction, but now to be spread over four years instead of five. Funds for medical research will be cut from $183 million voted by the last Congress to $173 million requested by the President. A modest increase in old-age assistance is recommended, but those among the 14 million people over 65 years of age who now draw assistance average $750 a year. It would take a substantial raise to begin to provide a decent income.

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Clearly the President's "liberal human" sentiments are very largely offset by his "fiscal conservatism." Moreover, his conservative policy of "hard money" to fight inflation is compounding the lag in public welfare.

The President's answer to rising prices and wages is to raise the cost of money to the commercial banks, which then have less money to loan, thus drying up some of the extra purchasing power.

To the extent that this policy reduces loan funds, it also creates a new problem—the competition for capital between big corporations, small businessmen, the federal government and local government down to the school board and highway commissioner. Whoever will pay the highest interest rate gets the available investment money. The Comptroller of New York State recently pointed out that interest on school bonds has doubled since 1952. With today's rapidly rising industrial prices, big industry can afford to soak up most of the available money supply for plant expansion unless the government ensures a proper share for such purposes as school bonds.

To enable state and local governments to borrow the construction funds they need at interest rates they can afford to pay, Massachusetts Governor Foster Furcolo recently proposed that the federal government create a multi-billion-dollar revolving fund. But the President, in his State of the Union address, was again content to pass the buck to Congress. Instead of creating a revolving fund, he has asked Congress to authorize a broad inquiry into the adequacy of our financial institutions.

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"Conservative fiscal policies" reflect themselves also in

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the President's military budget, which the Congress is likely to challenge as an issue second only to concern for the public welfare.

The President proposes to increase defense spending by $2 billion, largest expansion in the budget, but this will not satisfy the strongly defense-minded group in Congress. The Air Force, they can point out, would end the next fiscal year with 2,000 fewer planes than it has at present because the President's budget does not provide enough planes to make up for normal obsolescence and crackups. The budget would cut nine Air Force wings from the previously announced force level for 1958, and one division from the Army. Retrenchments were necessary because the increased funds which the President approved would not absorb the rising cost of materials.

On the other hand, there would be some important defense gains. A previously planned manpower cut of 200,000 has been cancelled as a result of the Middle East crises. Increasing reliance on atomic weapons is reflected in a half billion dollars for the Atomic Energy Commission to stockpile atomic shells and missile warheads; almost a billion dollars to the Navy for the first atomic powered aircraft carrier and four additional atomic submarines; and the Army is due to receive six new units called "Atomic Support Commands," consisting of 5,000 men each, to be stationed in Western Europe, Turkey and possibly Iran, where they will be equipped to fire atomic weapons. Existing laws do not permit the US to supply any atomic devices to its allies; this is the closest substitute.

The President's request for $38 billion for the Defense Establishment is $9.5 billion less than the services originally requested for the coming year. This amount of paring was achieved by the President's advisers. Despite this, Secretary Humphrey insisted to the end on a cut below $38 billion, and was finally overruled. By contrast, Secretary Wilson and Air Force Secretary Quarles insisted upon greater expenditures for the Air Force than the $38 billion figure permitted, but the President would not agree.

This again leaves the fight up to Congress, which last year voted $900 million more for the Air Force than the President requested.

In support of the President it should be said that there was need for a reappraisal of the armed services in light of the revolution in weaponry, and whatever the President's budget decision, it would be challenged by avid partisans of the various services. The overriding national issue, however, is whether the proposed budget is adequate to cope with the Russian threat and the possibility of small wars. On this there is sufficient doubt to ensure a lively Congressional challenge.

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The $1.8 billion which the President requested for foreign economic assistance will provide the third budget issue. It is the only large item on which a majority of the Congress might readily agree to cut, but the impulse is tempered by very serious national defense questions. Secretary Dulles has declared that the dropping of economic aid from the Eisenhower Doctrine for the Middle East could cause the whole plan to founder. And Sen. John Sherman Cooper, recently our ambassador to India, has declared that economic assistance at his post played an indispensable part in our efforts toward stability in Asia.

It is ironic that the recent hardening of Congressional opinion against economic aid has developed despite greater public support for the idea. A recent national opinion poll showed 58 percent of the public now supports continued foreign aid at the level recommended by the President, whereas 57 percent gave their support a year ago.

The President is at least partly to blame for rising Congressional opposition. For almost two years, he has entrusted leadership of the program to John Hollister, the late Senator Taft's law partner, who is at best an indifferent advocate of the work he directs. And the President's own seven-man commission to review the aid program is now sharply divided on the wisdom of economic aid and is expected to file both majority and minority reports. At least two of the commission members—Chairman Ben Fairless and labor leader John L. Lewis—have expressed hostility to all economic aid and recommended its termination at an early date. While these views are antithetic to those of the President, it must also be acknowledged that these men were hand-picked by the White House. The President has therefore compromised his own case before the Congress by the kind of men he chose.

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Another program closely related to economic assistance is the atoms-for-peace program. On this the President's budget message appeals to the Congress promptly to authorize American membership in the newly chartered International Atomic Energy Agency to which the US has already offered 5,000 kilograms of fissionable Uranium-235. This atomic fuel will be of limited service for medical research, but its main value will be for electric power generation. Here again the President has compromised his case before the Congress, for at the last session he opposed the use of federal funds to help develop the full-scale power reactors which would enable other countries to utilize American atomic fuel. This issue will again be fought out when Admiral Strauss' budget at the Atomic Energy Commission is up for review.

"The best we could do" is the way Secretary Humphrey described this budget. It is left for the Congress to show how it can be improved.

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Moscow and the Doctrine

Moscow's answer to the Eisenhower Doctrine turned out to be less formidable than both the critics and the backers of the President's message to Congress feared.

In a joint communique the Soviet Union and Communist China pledged to continue the policy of "rendering the necessary support" to the nations of the Middle East. But area specialists in Washington were quick to point out that the document avoided all specific commitments. Bulganin and Chou did not, for instance, promise any military assistance to the Arabs. This would have stiffened their reply, but it would have carried the risk of hurting Moscow's campaign for the allegiance of the "uncommitted nations" which are opposed to military aid programs and military pacts.

More striking, the Moscow communique was silent also about economic aid. This would have been the ideal moment for the Russians to announce a major Soviet economic aid program for the Middle East in advance of the President's special mission to determine the needs of the area. But Moscow, it is believed, had to pass up this opportunity because of its own economic difficulties. The Soviet economy is under severe strain. Moscow has made promises to Asia which it cannot fulfill. Military measures in Hungary and the other Eastern European countries are an added burden. Industrial productivity in the satellite countries has suffered and in addition the Soviet and satellite populations are clamoring for more consumer goods and higher living standards. Since political stability may well depend on the ability of the Communist leadership to meet the peoples' economic demands, the Kremlin could not, it is argued in Washington, go on record with a new promise of economic assistance to the Middle East.

Mr. Lodge's Initiative

Broadly speaking, the Eisenhower Administration has had only three choices in the search for a Middle East peace. We could do nothing. We could turn over the entire problem to the UN without supporting any particular action, which amounts to doing nothing. Or we could draw up a plan of action for every major political issue in the Middle East and vigorously support its adoption, both in the UN and through other channels.

The Eisenhower Doctrine is not a comprehensive plan of action, and our lip-service to the UN has been a policy of doing nothing. But last week Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge gave the first indications that the US might press for action: he spoke up for UN occupation of the Gaza Strip and the internationalization of the Gulf of Aqaba, two of the thorniest political issues dividing Egypt and Israel. But he gave no hint how the US thought these steps could be accomplished.

It is time to repeat some unromantic facts about the United Nations. The UN is not a supra-national body. It has no ideas of its own, no influence of its own, no power of its own. It is only what its members choose to make it. On matters of war and peace, it is no more than what the great powers choose to make it. And in the Middle East, the choice of leadership is even more limited because Britain and France have counted themselves out, and the Soviet Union has destroyed its claim to general influence by its one-sided espousal of everything Arab. So in fact the leadership for a political settlement can come only from the United States, assisted by some widely respected Western states like Canada, and some Bandung group leaders like India.

Unless such a trio can put together a program of action and marshal the necessary votes in the Assembly, there will be no UN action. As yet there is no solid evidence of the requisite American leadership.

The Communists Lose

The first tangible piece of evidence that the Soviet intervention in Hungary may have seriously weakened the Communist Parties in the West comes from France. Hitherto the only real sign has been from the intellectuals, some of whom have been so deeply shocked that they have either broken with the Movement or have retired into silence and passivity. It can now be shown, though still only on a very limited scale, that the Communists have lost mass support as well as a few distinguished individuals. In a by-election just held in Paris —the first since the Russian intervention in Hungary— the Communist vote has dropped spectacularly. Their poll of 120,000 in 1956 has fallen to 63,000—a decrease of nearly 50 percent.

A by-election is so small a sample of the general feeling in a country that we must clearly not attach too much importance to the result. It is also true that there are usually many more abstentions than at a general election. As against this it should be added that the Communists have a far more efficient machine than any other party; they should at least have been able to maintain their percentage of the total vote. In fact, their share has gone down from 26.3 percent to 20 percent.

Another reason for caution is that while Communists may lose some of their mass support, it does not follow that their power for mischief is necessarily weakened. The British party is a good example. Although its membership is contemptibly small and it has no representation in Parliament, its influence in the Trade Union Movement is far greater than its numbers justify. Yet despite the discontent among the rank-and-file—the resignations and letters of protest and anguished questions—the party has so far lost the control of only one Union. Its hold elsewhere appears to be as tight as ever. There is one

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further point to notice about the Paris by-election. The radical supporters of Mendés-France, who for some time has been critical of the government's Algerian policy, lost 75 percent of their votes, and the only people who can draw any satisfaction from the first round are the moderate Conservatives. This bears out the impression of many intelligent observers who have recently been remarking on the great difference between public opinion in France and England. In England a majority of the voters almost certainly now feel that Eden's Egyptian adventure was a blunder. In France there has been a swing the opposite way. For this reason the failure at Port Said has served only to increase the determination to continue the fight for France's Imperial possessions. There would thus seem to be less hope than ever of the French pulling out from Algeria.

The Word Went Out—Vote Gomulka

Editor and Publisher Gilbert A. Harrison, now touring Europe, cabled the following dispatch from Warsaw on the eve of Wladyslaw Gomulka's election victory:

IT IS a matter of pride with Gomulka that his regime dared to submit itself to the judgment of the Polish people within three months after a revolution—a revolution without barricades but nevertheless radical, being a blunt repudiation of 11 years of unrelenting supervision of the daily life and opinion of every Pole. But the Gomulka regime did not escape a last minute wave of anxiety. During the final week before the balloting an unexpressed but unmistakable change took place. Until then the point of the elections had been simple: the people had the right to choose. But what if the people should choose not to choose—and by staying away from the polling places, not only embarrass Gomulka and gratify pro-Soviet elements but invalidate the whole election? Under the law more than 50 percent of those eligible to vote must do so for an election to be valid. And fears did not end there.

Each ballot carried the names of more candidates than were to be elected. The voter could indicate his choice in one of two ways. He could not mark his ballot at all, in which case the candidates whose names appear first would receive his vote, or he could cross out certain names and thereby leave his votes to the others. But what if the voters should choose to demonstrate their dislike of all names prominently identified with Communism—of any variety—either by crossing off names identified with Gomulka, or worse, crossing off all names, using the ballot as an instrument of retribution? Not only would this be taken as a repudiation of the "October men"; it might also require new elections in many districts, for under the law no candidate can be elected who does not receive more than 50 percent of all votes that are cast in the district.

And so during the week preceding January 20 the word of warning was spread: vote, and vote Gomulka. Church leaders, party organizations, co-operatives, newspapers—all hammered away. A Catholic priest in a small village near Warsaw told me he was advising all his parishioners to "Vote Gomulka" because "he and the Cardinal are the only national leaders" and because "he has brought us independence." To which the priest's housekeeper added: "But more important, he prevented a Budapest for us in Poland."

Advice to be "realistic" came even from abroad. Over the BBC, exiled author Czeslaw Milosz (*The Captive Mind*) broadcast an appeal to the Poles: "I have nothing in common with the government in Warsaw or with the Party, but the election victory of Gomulka and his group is of the highest importance. The election can be lost in two ways: by abstaining or by ballots with all names crossed out or too much crossing out. No doubt the decision will be difficult. On the ballot there are plenty of names that are unpleasant, and the first impulse will be to cross them out. But to do so would be to damage Gomulka."

Always Gomulka, for to all but the most unrepentant Russophiles he is the Poles' only available chance to break loose from the suffocating grip of the Soviet Union, the one chance of carrying forward the October promise of wider personal liberty. "We must unite," warned the most intelligent and aggressively democratic publication *Po Prusto* on the eve of the election. "Election day is not the day for meting out justice."

And when the election is over and the Gomulka forces have won the parliamentary support they seek, what then of the lively democratic impulses that today make Poland an exciting country? "In October," *Po Prusto* says, "we opened up the possibility of creating our own national way to socialist development. But giving it reality under these specifically difficult conditions can only be carried out step by step. The dangers are not yet over." But the Poles are hopeful. Life is already so much freer, if no easier than it was; and perhaps if the Russians can be kept at arms length—and if China interposes its influence on behalf of Polish independence—and if dollar credits and farm goods and even machinery could come from America quickly—these are the ifs.

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Knowland, Nixon, Knight and 1960

Three-Handed Checkers

by HELEN HILL MILLER

WHEN Sen. William F. Knowland of California, on the afternoon of January 7, issued a statement to whom it may concern that he will not be a candidate for reelection to the United States Senate in 1958, the political prognosticators got busy.

The personal and family reasons which the Senator cited for his decision to go back to California have a basis in hard fact. Joseph R. Knowland, the Senator's father, is 83 years old. In 1914, after five terms in Congress and an unsuccessful try for the US Senate, he bought into the *Oakland Tribune,* built it up to a present circulation of 183,500, concentrated in the San Francisco Bay area. Since 1933, William Knowland has been an assistant editor, keeping the designation even during his years in Washington. Particularly because his older brother, also an assistant editor, has worked mostly on the business rather than on the editorial side of the paper, there is a clear job awaiting the Senator's return. Back home in Piedmont, Senator and Mrs. Knowland will likewise be near their married daughter, Mrs. Harold W. Jewett, Jr., and her three youngsters and their son, Joseph William, who likewise works on the paper, and his two; Estelle, the younger daughter, is at Stanford.

But few political analysts believe that the senior Senator from California has any intention of withdrawing from public life. Left uninhibited by his firm refusal to say more at this time, they take off happily from hard fact into soft speculation. To serve as conversation pieces in Washington's official corridors and over Georgetown dinner tables, they paint vast political murals, whose chief interest is their incompatibility with one another. These murals differ as to the date that they depict: 1958, 1960, 1964, and as to the grouping of the central figures: Knowland, Knight, Nixon, Kirkwood, perhaps even Kuchel—who has so far kept his powder dry—and, to the left of center, a watchful group of Democrats.

Those whose speculations follow the classical style highlight the antagonism between Knowland and Nixon that flared at the 1952 Republican convention, when Knowland held firm for Earl Warren as the Presidential candidate, and Nixon tried to undermine the California delegation's commitment in favor of Eisenhower. The classical pose shows Nixon's rapid rise as an affront to Knowland, whose seniority is compounded of a family tradition of active Republicanism in California ("J. R." Knowland has been a political power for two generations), seniority in Senate service (Knowland was appointed in 1945; Nixon came to Congress the next year but to the Senate only in 1950), and four-years difference in age (Knowland is 48, Nixon 44). And as long as Vice President Nixon is both president of the Senate and an active participant in executive affairs, the apparent favorite of the President, and hence the party's front runner for 1960, Knowland cannot be more than a secondary figure in Republican Washington. Should Nixon follow in the line of nine Vice Presidents who have succeeded to the Presidency, the difference in their positions would be further magnified.

Moreover, though bringing him gratifying expressions of respect within the Senate Club, Knowland's task as minority leader for an administration that has discontinued none of the major programs of the New Deal, that has brought in a 1958 budget of record peacetime levels, and that sponsors a foreign policy counter to much that he believes right, often goes against the grain, though he has maintained remarkable party regularity in supporting it.

And the Senate is a notably poor springboard for Presidential ambitions. In this century, the only man to have made the transition to the White House is Warren Gamaliel Harding. Governors do far better. The California Governorship is up for the people's choice in two years. Therefore the classical version of the Knowland story points to a run for Governor in 1958, control of the California delegation to the national convention in 1960, and a no-holds-barred contest with Nixon for the Presidential nomination that year.

This mural of Knowland's plans is uncluttered by any political combinations: its defenders claim that since Knowland is the lone-wolf type of politician this is right. An impressionist school, on the other hand, decries their failure to put more personalities into the picture. What about Goodwin Knight, they ask?

It was Knowland's father who gave Earl Warren his start in politics, first as attorney of Alameda County, then as the state's attorney general, finally as Governor. The debt was recognized and repaid when Warren called William Knowland back out of the European theatre

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and a major's uniform in 1945 to succeed Hiram Johnson in the Senate. Warren in turn brought up his current successor to the governorship, Goodwin Knight.

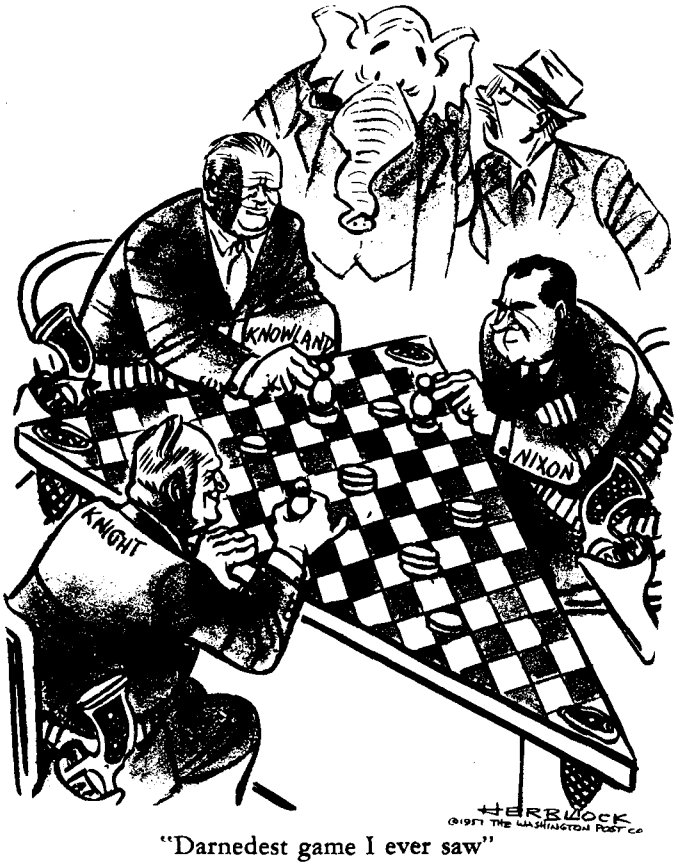
Goodwin Knight was a strong Eisenhower supporter last year at a time when Knowland was indicating his availability in case the President did not run; he has been expected to seek re-election as governor in 1958; and he cherishes Presidential ambitions of his own. In these respects, Knowland and Knight seem natural opponents. But their political support is based on the same area; a knock-down fight between them might tear open the party in the northern part of the state and leave the way open for dominance by the Nixon forces in the south.

So the impressionists' mural shows an accord worked out between the two, looking to joint control of the party in 1960 and a correspondingly strong convention position against Nixon.

(A few of the ultra-cynical push the grouping of personalities still further, foreseeing a final agreement between Knowland, Knight and Nixon in 1960, with California solidly behind Nixon, but with suitable top-level rewards for the others. Challenged, such cynics cite multimillionaire Eisenhower Democrat William A. Blakley's appointment as interim Senator from Texas as an example of a complex agreement satisfactory to ex-Governor Allan Shivers, Governor Price Daniel, and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson.)

A THIRD mural is in the abstract style, minimizing personalities and featuring ideologies. Knowland is shown as the rightful heir of the "Mr. Republican" school of Republicanism, confirmed by the laying on of hands through which the late Senator Robert Taft assured his young colleague of the Senate Republican leadership. Knowland's Republicanism is the kind believed in and passed down by the generation that wore blue serge suits and went to the office on Saturdays, rather than blossoming out in floral-patterned sports shirts while golfing over long weekends. The Senator's office is devoid of ghosts in grey flannel suits; when queried by reporters on radio-TV programs, he uses the English language in structured sentences, unpreceded by the errrrs and wellls that keep a sound track going while thought is organized.

Integrity, fair-dealing, meticulous maintenance of a word once given, the abstractionists insist, are values which will survive, enhanced, the current period of political lassitude and euphoria. "Modern Republicanism" seems attractive to the electorate only because Eisenhower is attractive. Without him, it has no focus; the Congressional elections showed how little the personality rubs off; when the time comes to pick a new standard-bearer, Republican Party members will want a party man. In depicting Knowland as the right man for the Presidency, however, this mural does not necessarily show the date as 1960. Van Buren was the last Vice President to move on to the White House through the regular process of election. It could be that Knowland would pick up the pieces after a Nixon defeat and restore the Republican Party in 1964.



"Darnedest game I ever saw"

But while Washington gatherings are enlivened by conversational think-pieces such as these, out in California more hard fact is available.

The state's population grew by 26.8 percent in the six years between the 1950 census and last July. Projected ahead to the next census in 1960, the total may rise from the present 13,433,000 to around 15,413,000, bringing California still closer to New York's number-one rank in population and electoral votes. New York's total stood at 16,195,000 last July, but is not expected to go higher than 16,730,000 in 1960. Many of the new Californians are arrivals from other states; they bring with them Xs for the political equation even before they start putting Xs on the ballot. So California politicians cannot rely on stereotyped appeals: when Knowland went to the Senate, he represented four million fewer people than he does today.

As soon as the 1960 census certifies the population figures, California will be redistricted. To both major parties, control of the legislature at the time of this redistricting will have top priority.

Underrepresentation of urban areas and overrepresentation of rural counties is standard procedure in all state legislatures. But in only a few states is the disproportion as glaring as in California. Take Los Angeles County. State law provides that no county shall have

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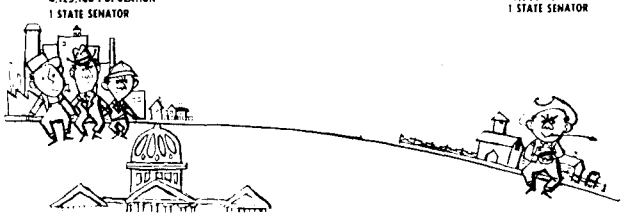

In California, no county is allowed more than one state Senator.

more than one state senator. As a result, in last November's election, 19,000 voters in Imperial County determined the choice of one man, and 2,305,000 voters in Los Angeles County determined the choice of another.

Voter registration in Los Angeles County divides about 50-50 between Republicans and Democrats. But when the county was carved into 12 Congressional districts by a Republican legislature after the 1950 census, gerrymandering produced lines drawn so that eight Republican Congressmen and four Democrats were returned in 1954. All the Democratic winners polled more than 60 percent; five out of eight Republicans were able to gain a seat by polling as little as 55 to 58.7 percent.

Democrats are determined to rectify these and other lines next time round. On January 7, when the present session of the California legislature opened, for the first time in this century the 40-member Senate was evenly divided—and a Democrat was elected president *pro tem.* In the 80-member House, 42 Republicans were pressed by 38 Democrats in the closest division in over a decade. For the next two elections, a Democratic coalition with party-conscious Democrats, liberals and independents all joining, could be cemented by desire to push this advantage over the line. (A recent change in California law respecting the ballot, which requires candidates who cross-file to indicate the party to which they belong, is expected to help establish and maintain party awareness in the state, and perhaps affect the anomaly by which voters whose party registration runs around 57 percent Democratic nevertheless usually elect Republicans to state executive office.) In 1956, the labor movement—AFL, CIO (the two are not merged in California), the railroad brotherhoods—succeeded in uniting their endorsements of candidates for the House of Representatives and backing Richard Richards, Democratic member of the legislature from Los Angeles as their Senatorial candidate. Two additional Democrats were elected to Congress.

Yet the 1958 race for governor could offer the Republicans a chance to crack this coalition, for organized labor has not previously seen eye-to-eye on the top of the ticket. In 1954, the CIO backed the Democratic candidacy of Richard P. Graves, but Goodwin Knight was able to inherit Earl Warren's AFL endorsement, and his post-election friendliness to labor has been noted with alarm alike by Democrats and right-wing Republicans.

Attorney-General Pat Brown, the only Democrat currently to hold state executive office, is generally expected to be the party's 1958 gubernatorial candidate; when asked which would be harder for him to beat, Knight or Knowland, party leaders are divided. Most of them expect a fight in the Republican Party; they discount a Knight-Knowland understanding by citing the Governor's reaction when greeted with the news of Knowland's announcement just after finishing his opening address to the legislature: "Well, I must say I'm surprised." (The possibility of the two men changing places has been reduced by the announcement of Robert C. Kirkwood's candidacy for the US Senatorship.) As to the outcome, some Democrats think Brown could take on Knowland more handily than Knight. Confronted with the figures on Knowland's 1952 victory, when as the cross-filed nominee of both major parties he returned to the Senate with more votes—3,982,448 of them—than had ever before been cast in California for a political candidate, they note that his minor-party, leftish opposition was yet able to attract more than half a million voters, and that of the state's 58 counties the one that gave Knowland least support was Alameda, his own.

But other Democrats regard a Knowland victory in the gubernatorial primary as a graver danger than a Knight candidacy for a second term. They think that desire to control the legislature may make it possible to keep labor support fairly intact, and so diminish Knight's new constituency. They know they cannot cut into his old constituency, the Republicans who hoped that Knight would be less of the Warren-type, non-partisan Governor, and more of a true and identifiable Republican. And for this constituency Knowland would be tailor-made.

MOREOVER, some of them see the years 1958-60 as years which might bring to Knowland national stature and a chance to cut down Nixon's current lead because of the emergence of an issue on which he has held views with all the firmness that goes with his humorless and determined nature: the issue of American foreign policy in the Far East.

This year's US delegation to the UN Assembly, working its way down the seniority columns of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has included two controversial figures. On the Democratic side, it was Sen. Hubert Humphrey's turn to serve; on the Republican, Senator Knowland's. (A third controversial figure is a fellow-Californian with whom Knowland has a minimum in common, Paul Hoffman.) Questioned by reporters on November 11, the day before the Assembly opened, on NBC's "Meet the Press," Knowland free-wheeled his

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views liberally as to what UN policy should be. He proposed application of economic sanctions to Britain, France and Israel, "cutting off of all credits, the embargoing of all shipments" to expedite their withdrawal from the Middle East. He advocated a UN resolution to expel the USSR for its actions in Hungary; failing that, "the member nations could withdraw recognition from the Soviet Union and personally I think they should." At the Assembly's first session, the man who has been nicknamed the "Senator from Formosa" made a real production of going round to shake hands with a Formosan delegation that jumped to its feet with ceremony. Knowland and Krishna Menon exchanged public courtesies regarding India's failure to condemn Russian actions in Hungary; Krishna Menon's actual comment, revised later, was that Knowland should see either "a doctor or a psychopath." When, on arrival at the UN, Senator Humphrey asked the US delegation chief, former Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, what self-imposed restraints he should observe in public statements during the period of his service with the delegation, Lodge wryly replied that in view of what their colleague had been doing, he hesitated to suggest any.

On November 14, the UN steering committee voted 8 to 5 (with one abstention) to postpone for another year discussion of a seat in the UN for Red China, thereby continuing the postponement achieved last year through United States initiative. This item is unlikely to be kept off the agenda much longer. And Knowland has promised to conduct a national crusade against admission of the Chinese Communists.

He has laid his groundwork in a very clear record:

In July, 1954, he declared that if Red China were admitted to the UN, he would resign his Senate leadership to rouse the country: "On the day that Communist China is voted into membership in the United Nations I shall resign my majority leadership in the Senate so that without embarrassment to any of my colleagues or to the Administration I can devote my full efforts in the Senate and throughout the country to terminate United States membership in that organization and our financial support of it. My conscience would not permit me to remain silent or inactive if this last grand appeasement takes place."

That October, in a non-ghost-written article in *Collier's,* Knowland said, "Our failure to win the Korean War may turn out to have been one of the great mistakes of history. . . . The admission of Red China would destroy the moral basis of the UN. . . . There can be no security for the West unless we keep the Communists insecure in the East."

A year later, he defined further: "Appeasement . . . is only surrender on the installment plan."

What Knowland said to President Eisenhower, when he visited the White House on January 7 just before the press conference at which he announced his intention to resign, is a kept secret. However, the President may have cause to remember what Senator Russell said, in commenting on Knowland as he was when he returned from the European theatre to assume his Senatorship: "He moved then, as he moves today—as some one has said forward like a tank—regardless of obstacles, to achieve the objectives he believes are in the national interest."

"Look at that jaw!"

Two days after Senator Knowland announced his plans to retire, the Senate rang with praise of him.

Majority Leader Johnson: . . . . Integrity and honor are words which frequently are used with little content. But when they are applied to Bill Knowland they assume a precise accuracy that cannot be matched by Webster . . . .

Even more important, he has the courage to carry out his convictions—and since those convictions are strong, they frequently require courage. . . .

Sen. Russell (D, Ga.): . . . . Those opposed to him do not have to fear that they will be sandbagged in the back of the head in any legislative dark alley. He meets any adversary head on just as he never dodges any issue nor tries to carry water on both shoulders. . . .

Sen. McCarthy (R, Wis.): . . . . I think Bill Knowland is one of the great Senators of all time. . . .

Sen. Wiley (R, Wis.): . . . . The other day I turned on the television and saw there our good friend Bill Knowland making his announcement that he would retire from the Senate. A man sitting next to me said, "Do you think he means it?"

I said, "You don't know Bill Knowland. Look at that jaw!" . . . .

Sen. Gore (D, Tenn.): When I was a new member of the Senate, a very senior member of the group said, "Well, when Bill Knowland takes a stand, he stands as if his feet were in concrete."

Sen. Wiley (R, Wis.): Mr. President, we have had a very wonderful time today in heaping encomiums on the senior Senator from California. I understand that the Vice President is marking his birthday today, and I wish to join with all other Senators in congratulating him. Let us give him a big hand.

–From the *Congressional Record,* Jan. 9, 1957

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Britain's New Prime Minister

by HUGH MASSINGHAM

BEFORE long Americans will be able to examine Britain's new Prime Minister for themselves and not merely at second hand in the foreign cables of the newspapers. Mr. Macmillan was deeply implicated in Sir Anthony Eden's Egyptian policy, and we must conclude that he approved every step and phase, including the decision to ignore American opinion. The new Prime Minister still thinks that Britain was right; indeed he has ostentatiously said so by keeping Mr. Selwyn Lloyd at the Foreign Office. All the same he believes that the past is past and should not be kept alive to breed yet unhappier consequences: in other words, he wants to return to Britain's traditional foreign policy and to restore the Anglo-American alliance. For this reason we can soon expect to see him crossing the Atlantic on his way to the White House.

One wonders what Americans will make of him. Imagine a slightly dandified man with neat polished hair, a moustache that belongs to his martial days in the Brigade of Guards, a limp handshake, a longish face which is seldom grave for long but is constantly dissolving into humor or irony. These fastidious airs, plus Mr. Macmillan's connections with one of the great Ducal houses of Britain, may create the impression in America that he is an aristocrat and diehard Conservative—an interesting antique, perhaps. In fact, it is difficult to tie any particular label on to him. Brilliant and imaginative, warming to every new idea, witty and irreverent, he is one of those politicians who is Right in some ways and Left in others.

Significantly, he calls himself a Tory, not a Conservative. To a Tory a Conservative is the product of Britain's cruel industrial revolution; he is a hard-faced businessman, greedy for money and blind to social injustice. By contrast a Tory looks back to a more traditional past when the aristocracy, the agricultural interests and the Monarchy combined to protect the poor against the wolfish oppression of the new rich. This interpretation of the past is not so self-evident as it should be to radicals and liberals, and certainly the Tory philosophy is not always readily applicable to modern problems. But, broadly, it does describe a certain attitude of mind, a general approach to problems that makes the Tory a distinctive animal. He can be slightly feudal but he can also be humane; and while he certainly values tradition, this does not mean that he approves of the social injustices brought about by industrialization. Rather the reverse. It is not an accident that most of the young men in the Party who have recently busied themselves with social questions call themselves Tories.

Mr. Macmillan's conduct in the Thirties is as good a guide as any to his mental attitude. He was intensely critical of both the domestic and foreign policies of the Baldwin and Chamberlain dispensations. This was the cruel time of mass unemployment; of shabby bands begging forlornly in the streets; of dead towns where no factory chimney smoked and the nearby coalmines and shipbuilding yards were often either closed or working on half time. To his honor Mr. Macmillan not only saw all the waste and misery that was involved but asked himself whether, in fact, the bankers and classical economists had, as they so often claimed, received their policies from Mount Sinai. If orthodoxy meant 2 million unemployed, then he was not afraid to be unorthodox; he was even prepared to look dispassionately at Socialism and to take part in secret discussions with those Socialists who shared his horror of the situation and also his impatience to get something done. *The Middle Way*, the book he published during this period, shows very clearly how far he had moved to the Left. Some planning and controls, he agreed, was necessary if the deflation was ever to be conquered.

As for foreign policy, Mr. Macmillan was a Churchill man. Fascism may not have meant to him, as it did to many radicals and liberals, a spiritual disease, a secret and frightening craving for chaos and nihilism. To him, as to Churchill, Hitler and Mussolini were a threat to the security of Britain and must be fought or they would eventually overwhelm the Empire. Indeed he was prepared to go even further than Churchill in his rebellion. When the Conservative Government, on the suggestion of Eden, proposed to withdraw the sanctions imposed on Fascist Italy, Mr. Macmillan committed the extreme act of defiance. He refused to take the Party Whip, and some observers of the scene predicted that it would not be long before he joined the Socialists.

This, then, is the man who now sits at Sir Anthony Eden's desk, and perhaps the first point that will strike the outsider is that he is much more like Sir Winston

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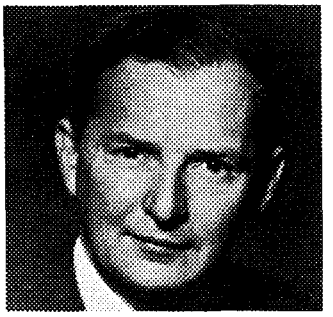
Churchill than like his predecessor. A man's style is always revealing, and the speeches of Eden and Macmillan could not be more dissimilar. With Eden platitude follows platitude and cliché pursues cliché in a dispiriting monotony. Macmillan, on the other hand, loves words as Sir Winston does, and it is the platitude that offends him and not the original word, the unexpected phrase.

There is no doubt that the new Prime Minister genuinely wants to restore the old trust between Britain and America, but the extremists in his Party—and they are the most active and vocal group among the Conservatives—are now intensely anti-American. They want, for instance, to manufacture the hydrogen bomb chiefly because they believe it would enable Britain to be independent of Washington. They would cheerfully end the American alliance, join up with France, and pursue a foreign policy that would be entirely selfish and opportunist. It will be observed that they are not neutralists in the sense that they want to be passive spectators of the struggle between East and West. Their view of the American alliance is that it has been strangling Britain, and they want to get rid of it in order to be free to defend Britain's interests abroad. Nor is it only a few extremists in the House of Commons who are anti-American. Conservative journalists have, in these past few days, been thanking whatever Gods preside over Fleet Street because Sir Anthony had to retire for reasons of ill health and not because he was pushed out by the wicked Americans.

But although Mr. Macmillan is the hero of the Suez group, it would be quite wrong to suppose that he shares all their views. He has never, either in private or in public, criticized the recent policies of the President and Mr. Dulles, even though he cannot secretly have approved of them. "I cannot understand that man," he is reported as saying of one member of the Suez group. "All those silly anti-American speeches. Do you think a hard job of work would knock the nonsense out of him?" He is no less out of sympathy with the romantic views of the more crusading Imperialists. Indeed, while he was still Chancellor, he deeply offended Lord Beaverbrook by supporting the idea of a free European market—what shame, moaned His Lordship, what betrayal! These explosions and protests will not frighten Mr. Macmillan now that he is Prime Minister. The negotiations will continue, and although progress will be slow and nothing quick and sensational should be expected, this will not be because of any lack of enthusiasm or good-will on the part of Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Thorneycroft, the man he has chosen to succeed him at the Treasury.

What we still do not know is whether Mr. Macmillan has true originality or whether he is just a little too clever by half. His choice of Ministers does not help us very much to answer the question. There are some happy touches, but there are others—the retention of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd at the Foreign Office is an example—that suggest he is a trifle out of touch with public opinion. After the failure of the Suez policy, the British had hoped for a completely new deal, a decisive break with the immediate past. It is no doubt true that every member of the Eden Cabinet must share the blame for the Egyptian adventure and that for Mr. Macmillan to dismiss a man with whom he agreed throughout the three months of crisis would be interpreted in some quarters as grossly unfair. But Prime Ministers sometimes have to be butchers, and to spare Mr. Selwyn Lloyd for sentimental reasons may do credit to Mr. Macmillan's heart but not to his head. After all, it is not as if Mr. Lloyd had exactly distinguished himself since he became Foreign Secretary.

Macmillan



Lloyd

Then there is the decision to put a business tycoon in charge of the Ministry that is to be responsible, among other things, for building Britain's new atomic power stations. It is not a new idea: Sir Winston recruited industrialists both during and after the war. Unfortunately, Sir Percy Mills, the man Mr. Macmillan has chosen, is regarded with the deepest suspicion by organized labor. He is considered brash, unyielding and reactionary. Mr. Macmillan may have found a brilliant administrator, but to take the risk of offending the trade unions would seem to be a very odd gamble. Certainly the Labour Party can be expected to give the new Minister as rough a time as possible.

So there are disquieting signs as well as hopeful ones. The friendly gestures towards America and the willingness to join the free European market—both these are to Mr. Macmillan's credit. The retention of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, on the other hand, is bound to arouse the suspicion that the new Government is still hankering after lonely and perilous adventures—that Mr. Macmillan's Government does not mean a fresh start in foreign policy, but is only the old dispensation, dusted up and repainted but otherwise essentially the same. The Mills appointment is the same kind of mistake since it lays Mr. Macmillan open to the charge that he is looking at everything with a Right-ward squint. If that impression gets about and is shortly confirmed by events, Mr. Macmillan will not have made a very clever start.

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Escape to Nowhere

by JOHN G. STOESSINGER

THE American response to the Hungarian refugees has been a spontaneous combustion of generosity. Government officials from the President down to the rural county-board member; public and private agencies; press, radio and television, have unanimously urged a liberal immigration policy for the Hungarian freedom fighters. Besides twice increasing the quota of refugees admissible, we have invented various devices to reconcile our immigration code with the pragmatic needs of the hour. "Parolees," "mortgaged quota numbers," and numerous cases of special legislation provide only a few examples.

In view of this full-scale mobilization on behalf of the Hungarians, it is a paradox indeed that 300,000 other refugees have been allowed to linger in a shadowy existence in makeshift camps scattered throughout Austria and Western Germany—some for their tenth successive year. This group still includes survivors of Nazi concentration camps, but consists largely of escapees from the Soviet satellites. While only 10,000 of these people have come to the United States in the past five years, almost three times that number of Hungarians have been granted visas to this country in the short space of two months.

Besides their moral claim to priority, these 300,000 refugees must have suffered quite as much privation as the Hungarians. About 50,000 of them—the so-called "hard core"—are considered unassimilable by most refugee-receiving countries since they consist mainly of aged and ill people or people with dependents who do not want to be left behind. Years of DP camp existence have transformed still others into anti-social elements. The stereotype that DP's are a non-productive, corrosive group has therefore become a self-fulfilling prophecy in the case of thousands of human beings. Since many of these refugees were once among the most inveterate enemies of Communism, their disintegration is not only a human loss, but a political loss as well.

It is one of the paradoxes of the 20th Century that a world completely "civilized" has thus made possible the expulsion of men from civilization. Since ancient times the civilized world has constantly been threatened by barbarians from its fringes who wanted to destroy a civilization which they could not understand and therefore hated. Today, we are no longer threatened by barbarians from the outside. The danger is that we are nurturing a generation of barbarians in the very midst of our civilization—a generation of people who are forced to live as the step-children of human society.

Most psychiatrists agree that basic personality changes take place in people exposed to the insecurities of refugee camp life for a period exceeding three years. The following observations are therefore relevant to the 300,000 non-Hungarian refugees in European camps as well as to Hungarians unable for various reasons to find refuge in a free community.

THE neurotic pattern of the refugee personality is somewhat like the attitude displayed by prisoners of war who have been interned for a considerable period. But the symptoms in the refugees are more advanced, probably because there is little hope for them to go "home," a hope which prisoners have always nurtured. The hope for migration in the near future has served as a unique dynamic force in the refugee camps. The Jews in the European camps had only a few of the disintegrative symptoms when migration to Palestine was open to them. But those same Jews, when intercepted by the British on their way to Palestine and interned indefinitely on Cyprus, exhibited the disintegrative factors in a very severe form. So long as Zionism as an ideological force offered concrete migration prospects, it prevented serious personality disintegration. This suggests that one part of the refugees' psychological trauma derives from the fact of being unwanted. The lack of hope for a change in status promotes psychic malaise quite as much as the actual circumstances of camp life.

Further prolonged refugee status in the camps is dangerous not only for the displaced persons but for the international community as a whole. The longer the refugee spends in the camp, the less true to reality become his evaluations of the outside world. When such a refugee finally does succeed in leaving the camp, his expectations of the outside world are often too high because he had romanticized it too much while still in

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the camp. Nothing then comes up to his expectations and he does not feel at home in this harsh new world in which there is little room for romanticizing. The discrepancy between the fantasies of the life which is awaiting him and which will compensate him for his suffering and the difficult and complicated reality which he finds, is bound to lead to disappointment.

The young refugees particularly are a source of anxiety. Instead of constant exercise in moral and social adaptation, they are subject to the destructive spirit of the camp and the cynicism of the hopeless. Many psychiatrists fear that in the future their misery will break through with a delayed shock reaction. In short, a whole generation of dangerously neurotic people may now be growing up in the displaced persons camps.

Unending camp existence with no hope for re-establishment might well turn the non-Hungarian refugees into poor security risks. Their friendliness toward democratic ideals might at best deteriorate into apathy and at worst flare into open hostility against the community which refuses them refuge. Therefore, their integration into the free world is urgent not only on humanitarian grounds but for political reasons as well.

ANALYZING recent American refugee policy, it would be facile to assert that the priority given the Hungarians may be explained simply in terms of "politics." The very breadth and spontaneity of the American response contradict this. The forces at work are far more complex in character.

First, the Hungarian revolt, a rebellion not merely within the Communist framework as its Yugoslav and Polish predecessors, but a revolt against Communism itself in theory and practice, fired the imaginations and hopes of most Americans who had come to believe that a successful resistance against a totalitarian regime in our time was no longer possible.

Second, many xenophobic images about refugees were destroyed when US policy makers met the Hungarians face to face. Many officials who had thought that refugees were at worst subversives or at best people assimilable only with great difficulty, changed their minds almost overnight. Vice President Richard M. Nixon, never an ardent advocate of a liberal immigration policy, is only one case among many. The Hungarians, by definition bitter enemies of totalitarianism, managed to pass the most rigorous security requirements.

The courage and "Yankee ingenuity" of the Hungarians stirred genuine admiration, and the country sighed in relief to see the image of Communist invulnerability destroyed. This may help explain the sudden reversal in immigration policy. Now may we hope that it will broaden the US attitude toward the prior refugees by bringing the issue from the realm of emotionally charged imagery into a more rational light?

In the past five years three agencies — two international and one American — have been working for the old refugees. But the United Nations High Commission for Refugees and the Inter-Governmental Committee for European Migration (ICEM) have been suffering under a chronic shortage of funds which has made them the paupers of international life. The United States Escapee Program (USEP) had been forced to curtail its operations to a minimum until the Hungarian revolution broke. Only a few weeks before the Budapest massacre, officials of all three agencies were still trying to convince the public that arrival in the free world should be made a warmer, more hospitable process than the mere allocation of a pallet in a refugee camp.

The meager resources of these three temporary refugee organs are now strained to the breaking point. Besides, there is little co-ordination among them. ICEM, although an international agency, operates outside the United Nations framework, and the Escapee Program is a strictly unilateral enterprise. Hence, a dearth of resources is coupled with much duplication of effort. Most important, American refugee policy in general has always been based on the assumption that the problem of uprooted people is a temporary emergency to be handled by stopgap emergency measures. We find parading through the history of American and international refugee work a long procession of temporary agencies, each established to solve what is essentially a long-range problem.

The time has now come to recognize the permanent international character of the refugee problem. The International Refugee Organization, a United Nations specialized agency, was the first organization to deal with the refugee problem in its entirety. But it too was conceived as temporary and went out of existence in 1951. Nonetheless, in the brief span of five years, IRO had managed to resettle more than a million refugees on a global scale throughout the free world. It did not merely function, as do present agencies, in the capacity of an international travel agency, but actively lobbied in countries of potential resettlement on behalf of its wards.

THE flight to the West of the Hungarian freedom fighters has rekindled an international sense of urgency with regard to the refugee problem. Thirty nations have taken a share of the refugees from Hungary. It is highly probable that the restrictive Walter-McCarran Act in this country will be amended as a direct result of the Hungarian exodus. But the refugee is a barometer of intolerance and therefore a permanent emergency. This recognition should at last be incorporated into American refugee policy in the form of a *permanent International Refugee Organization* even as we have learned to institutionalize catastrophe in other areas such as civilian defense and flood insurance.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Bloomsbury Brain-Trust

by Malcolm Muggeridge

IT IS easy to laugh at this sad, foolish, rather commonplace correspondence between Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf. Yet these two, and the Bloomsbury Set to which they belonged, are part of the twilight in which we have lived. They have furnished our twilight with their jokes, their affectations, their sense of superiority; and now, when the furniture is no longer serviceable, when the drawers won't open, when the seats all give, and the crockery is all broken, they are more suitably remembered with a sigh than a smile. In laughing at them we may easily find that we are laughing at ourselves.

Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey Letters edited by Leonard Woolf and James Strachey (Harcourt, Brace; $4.50).

Strachey was a tall, frail, bearded figure with many ailments. Henry Lamb's brilliant portrait in the Tate Gallery presents a large, lugubrious, tearful face, with long, inert legs trailing from his wicker chair on to the floor. It is almost like a Blake figure, but boneless—the embellishment of a Prophetic Book with nothing to prophesy. His father was a Lieutenant-General. Quite early on in his life, *The Dictionary of National Biography* records, "his friends and family subscribed to make him financially independent of journalism, so that he might retire to the country and write books." Ah! happy days!

Virginia Woolf was also tall and frail and ailing, a daughter of Thackeray's son-in-law, Sir Leslie Stephen. The letters between her and Strachey deal, for the most part, with the weather, moving house, their own and their friends' books, and their ailments. Through the period 1914-18 there is only a single reference to World War I —made by Strachey, in a letter dated March 19, 1918:

> My "medical board" yesterday pronounced me "permanently and totally unfit for any form of Military Service" —which is a great relief. The whole thing was infinitely more civilized than I'd ever known it before. The doctors, and even the clerks, were positively polite.

That is all.

After the war the Bloomsbury Set came into their own. They were a small, compact, self-sufficient company—in addition to Strachey and Virginia Woolf, Lowes Dickinson (Goldie), Maynard Keynes, E. M. Forster, Roger Fry, Desmond MacCarthy, Clive and Vanessa Bell, and numerous others. They visited at each other's houses, and, when invited by Lady Ottoline Morrell (Ott), were happy to spend a week-end, or longer, at Garsington Manor. They praised, and sometimes reviewed, each other's works; they provided each other's sweethearts, husbands and wives. They were cultivated, talented and enlightened, with social consciences—Lowes Dickinson a great promoter of the League of Nations; Virginia Woolf, through her husband, Leonard Woolf, associated with the Fabian Society, an occasional sojourner in Webbland, Webbland, Uber Alles; Keynes the only begetter of a majestic fallacy. Their influence, collectively and individually, was considerable, and, in diluted and unexpected forms, survives to this day. If most of their works lie a moldering in the grave, Brain Trusts and other such popular manifestations of the cult of intellectualism go marching on. Their spirit lives in the Third Programme, in the patient audiences ready to endure the tedium of Mr. Eliot's plays, in the cottages dotted about the countryside where even in these penurious times listless figures crouch over typewriters. And as for Keynes—abounding budgets, the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund provide his ample monument.

STRACHEY and Virginia Woolf were, as writers, far the most successful of them all. How well I remember, in my early twenties, first reading *Eminent Victorians*. It gave great delight. With one deft thrust, it seemed to me, Strachey had brought down the whole Victorian edifice, and there it lay before me in ruins waiting to be sacked. Sacked it has certainly been, most thoroughly, and now faint efforts are being made, so far without much success, to re-institute it. Recently, I opened *Eminent Victorians* again. Alas, the magic had all gone. It seemed meretricious, shrill and unconvincing. I heard a reedy voice across a

The Web

WHAT a pother of words we weave around
The simple need of being,
The simple ear for hearing sound,
The simple eye for seeing,
The ready mouth for tasting food,
The ready arm for love,
Which are almost all the bad or good
We need make mention of,
Except the trespass of the skies
Upon these lesser things
When we have need of more than eyes
Or of imaginings,
And that is when God takes his stand
Close upon reason's ebb
And makes with unimagined hand
A devastating web.

WITTER BYNNER

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tea-table, coming from far, far away, and breaking into an occasional snigger. Quickly I put the book away.

Virginia Woolf's novels likewise made their initial impact, though how far this was authentic, and how far an acceptance of a prevailing fashion, it is difficult now to say. I should not dream of even trying to re-read them. They remain in my memory as elegantly written, meandering, redolent of tedious afternoons and shadowy appetites and pervasive melancholy. I am content to leave it at that.

BETWEEN these two curious personages some sort of intimacy obviously existed, but their correspondence sheds little light upon its nature. At one point Strachey actually proposed marriage. His account of this, in a letter to his brother James, suggests that his motive was rather to escape from homosexual entanglements than to possess the lady:

> . . . In my efforts to escape, I had a decided reverse the other day. I haven't mentioned the incident before for obvious reasons. On Feb. 19th [1909] I proposed to Virginia, and was accepted. It was an awkward moment, as you may imagine, especially as I realized, the very minute it was happening, that the whole thing was repulsive to me. Her sense was amazing, and luckily it turned out that she's not in love. The result was that I was able to manage a fairly honorable retreat. The story is really rather amusing and singular, but its effect has been to drive me on to these shoals more furiously than ever. I need hardly mention the immense secrecy of the affair. . . .

Her feelings for him appear to have been more tender. She was perhaps in love with him despite her convenient assurance to the contrary. His retracted proposal may well have been painful, as far as she was concerned, rather than "amusing and singular." As the correspondence proceeds the initiative is more and more on her side; and it might have been supposed, in someone more prone to such frailties, that her account of her honeymoon ("several times the proper business of bed has been interrupted by mosquitoes. They bloody the wall by morning—they always choose my left eye, Leonard's right ear. Whatever position they chance to find us in") was deliberately aimed at making him jealous. If so, it failed. The gaps between his letters get longer and longer. In 1932 he died of cancer at the age of fifty-one, and a decade later she committed suicide.

"Why is it," Leonard Woolf writes to Strachey:

> . . . that we are all valetudinarians? Roger [Fry] lies on his back before and after meals and even so is afflicted with perpetual gripes, a swollen jaw, a diseased tooth, an incipient cold in the head, a decaying brain, and melancholia amatoria. Saxon's [Saxon Sydney-Turner] head has sunk permanently upon his chest from rheumatoid arthritis. And even you suffer from green vomit. I am unfit for any kind of military service and Virginia's record is not of the cleanest. I don't understand this early valetudinarianism which seems to descend upon us.

This was in 1918. Seven years later, in his last letter but one to Virginia Woolf, Strachey was reduced to regretting even his green vomit—"Unfortunately I am never sick now — only sterile—every Monday, and all the other days of the week."

"Only sterile"—that is the point. They were a sterile lot. It was this sense of their sterility which made D. H. Lawrence, after a lunch with some of them at Cambridge, burst into one of his famous rages and shriek: "You're all doomed." It is true that his own efforts to find a principle of life to oppose to their sterility ended only in the phallic idiocy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the Fascist-type vaporings of *Apocalypse;* that he, too, was doomed along with them. Even so, the reason for his outburst is clear enough. The Bloomsbury Set were but the glows and shadows of a setting sun. The curtain was coming down, the show was ending, it was time to go home; in Belsen and Lubianka not even the clerks were going to be, as they were at Strachey's medical board, "positively polite." To a discerning eye one word emerges from their lives and works —the word "Finis."

Churchill as Machiavelli

by Charles Curran

THROUGHOUT a public life that began under the gas-lamps of Queen Victoria's England, that has stretched across six decades of history, and that is not over yet, Winston Churchill has never suffered from any shortage of epithets—his own, or other people's. He is never neutral, and nobody is neutral about him. At one time or another, he has been portrayed as everything from demigod to demon. His career is like a melodrama played on a roller-coaster; power followed by impotence, triumph by disaster, a switchback transit from the crest to the abyss and back again. The same House of Commons that booed him down in 1936, when he tried in vain to resist the abdication of King Edward VIII, sat spellbound beneath him four years later. In May, 1945, the British people acclaimed him like a conquering Caesar; in July, 1945, they flung him aside, inflicting on him the most merciless election defeat of modern times; and in 1951 they voted him back again to power. No other ruler in history, from Pericles to Stalin, has had a longer, or a wider, or a more variegated experience in the craft of governing men.

A History of the English-Speaking Peoples; Volume 2, The New World, by Winston S. Churchill (Dodd, Mead; $6).

This craft is a mystery. It cannot be learned by taking thought; nor can the master-craftsman impart his skill to the industrious apprentice. In order to excel at it, you need a specific talent, which seems to consist principally of an instinctive judgment that matures with time. The possessor of this talent exercises it, usually, without seeking to analyze it—any more than Michelangelo expounded the creation of pictures, or Beethoven of symphonies. When he does try to explain, the attempt is almost always a failure. David Lloyd George, Britain's leader in the 1914 war, was a master of statecraft—or so it seemed, both to him and to most of his contemporaries. But when he turned author and tried to dissect his achievements, the result was unreadable. Banal, clumsy, opaque, his volumes are merely a monumental demonstration of the rule that

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statesmanship and the ability to analyze it do not go together.

There are two great exceptions to this rule. One is Machiavelli; the other is Churchill. When the Secretary of the Republic of Florence fell from power, he was put to the torture. Then he retreated to his Tuscan farmhouse and sat down to write, with fingers twisted from the rack, a series of manuals on statecraft, its theory and practice, that will be attentively studied so long as men need to be governed at all. Machiavelli's *Prince,* his *Discourse on Livy,* and his *History of Florence* were unique in political literature until Churchill.

LIKE Machiavelli, Churchill is a man fascinated almost to obsession by the oldest secular problem in the world: the problem of government. Here, as in theology, the questions are unchanging, and there are no new discoveries to make. How you end anarchy without killing liberty, how you create authority without creating tyranny as well, how you obtain power, retain it, regulate it, use it, get results from it, avoid the dangers that threaten every man who meddles with it—these questions have preoccupied Churchill's mind for 60 years. In the intervals between practising statecraft, he has written about it. He has earned a literary reputation higher than most men achieve who devote their lives to writing. But all his books—and he must have produced almost as much as Gibbon and Macaulay put together—are variations on the same theme. They are all distilled from his own experiences in the endless adventure of governing men. Like Machiavelli, he is a product not of the study and the library but of the Senate and the council chamber. Like Machiavelli, he uses history as a torch to light up the caverns of statecraft.

Churchill's powers of illumination were first exhibited in his biography of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill —that unlucky meteor who flashed across the 19th Century sky of British politics, became for one glittering decade both the heir of Disraeli and the challenger to Gladstone, then vanished in the dark, burned out at forty. Since then, they have been exhibited again and again, most conspiciously in his life of his ancestor the Duke of Marlborough, that soldier-statesman-adventurer who bestrode Europe, and in his histories of the 1914 war and the last war.

Now Churchill, 83 this year, exhibits them once more, probably for the last time. He is producing a history of the English-speaking peoples from their beginnings to the present day. The second volume, just published, deals with the 16th and 17th Centuries—those decades of argument, bloodshed and glory that saw the Elizabethan era, the break with the Papacy, the foundation of the British Empire in North America, the civil war between Crown and Parliament that beheaded Charles I and made Cromwell a dictator. Shakespeare is mentioned only once in the book, and his name does not appear in the index. For this is a political history. Churchill seeks to show how, during those two convulsive centuries, England found her way, by an empirical process of trial and error, to a solution for the problem of power that has worked ever since. The solution is Parliamentary Government.

The path by which England reached it is retraced by Churchill. He starts from the break-up of feudalism, the resulting baronial anarchy that culminated in the Wars of the Roses, and the restoration of order by the concentration of power in the Crown under the Tudor kings. Then he examines how this concentration came to be challenged; how the Crown's claims, financial and ideological, led to the clash with Parliament; how, after years of hatred, a synthesis was found in a limited monarchy, a representative government controlling taxation, and a legal system independent of both.

IT is a story that has been told and retold by historians, but nobody has ever recounted it like Churchill. For he examines it as an expert in statecraft who has spent 50 years in Parliaments and Cabinets eager to see how the men who ruled at Westminster before him grappled with their problems. To him they are fellow-politicians. He knows all about politicians. He is accustomed to study their motives, to weigh up their ambitions and jealousies, to look behind what they say for what they mean. He appraises Wolsey, Strafford, Pym, Cromwell and every other personality in the story as if making up his mind whether to offer the man a seat in his Cabinet, balancing ability against unreliability, pondering the risk of displeasing some of his colleagues as well as the risk of reinforcing the Opposition. The book reads less like history than like autobiography.

In this gallery of political portraits, two in particular are outstanding. One is the picture of Strafford, the ambitious politician whom Charles I drew over to his side by the lures of wealth and power. Strafford's change of front roused Parliament to a fury. They put him on trial and they forced the King to sign his death warrant. Every thread in this complex skein of calculations is unravelled by Churchill with the psychological insight of Proust or Stendhal. He bares every motive, every error.

THE other is the picture of Cromwell —an X-ray photograph that exposes every nerve and sinew. Each portrait is painted with the lidless stare of complete comprehension. Together they are human nature in politics stripped naked. Churchill supplies an inscription for both of them in the words:

> Man has never sought tranquillity alone. His nature drives him forward to fortunes which, for better or for worse, are different from those which it is in his power to pause and enjoy.

The writing of this History was begun in the 1930's, and was interrupted by the war. It has gained from the delay, which has enabled Churchill to incorporate in his reflections the assessments derived from his conflicts with Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. It reads like a book by an old ruler who has outlived ambition and who may now perhaps share Gibbon's conclusion that history is little more than a record of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind.

But the problem of government is timeless. The ancient Romans and mediaeval Italians whom Machiavelli studied are all forgotten now, and only a few stray specialists will ever disturb the cobwebs that cover them. The time will come, no doubt, when the characters in Churchill's history join them in oblivion. But men will continue to read Churchill, just as we read Machiavelli, and for the same reason. Statecraft is a static science. Its laws are all empirical and experimental. They are to be interpreted only by practitioners, not by theorists—those rare birds who combine a genius for statecraft with a genius for exposition. It is this combination that has made Machiavelli immortal. And it will make Churchill immortal too.

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A Painful Twist

by Donald Malcolm

THE relationship between reader and writer is always a precarious one, and seldom more so than in the short story with a surprise ending. At its best, this is a pleasant species of literary legerdemain whereby the author's real intent is disguised from the reader until the crucial moment, when it suddenly bursts forth, like a cascade of butterflies from a magician's top hat. The chief danger of the form, from the writer's point of view, lies in the increasing sophistication of his audience. Today, the reader is aware at the outset that Things Are Not What They Seem, and the author must practice his duplicity on a deeper, subtler level.

The Hour After Westerly And Other Stories, by Robert M. Coates (Harcourt, Brace; $3.50).

Thus, when I opened Mr. Coates' collection of short stories to "Accident at the Inn," and found the protagonist laying elaborate plans for the murder of his wife, I dismissed, out of hand, the idea that he might possibly succeed. The author's second feint, however, was somewhat less easy to find:

> Charlie himself was insured, and for a sizable amount. But Louisa was not, and he was grateful for that fact now, because he'd observed, in his study of the subject, that of all those who worked on crimes of this sort the insurance investigators were by far the most tenacious, and most suspicious.

At first glance, it might seem that Mr. Coates is here making preparations for the most obvious sort of surprise ending, one in which the intended victim will anticipate the plotter, and murder *him;* notice how the offhand mention of the "sizable amount" of Charlie's insurance unobtrusively provides Louisa with a motive. But Mr. Coates, with a cunning display of incompetence, lets fall other little hints:

> *"Well!"* Louisa said. "If you *ever* dare to do it again, I'll just *kill* you! I really *will!*

And this, clearly, is an attempt to gull the unwary into suspicion of Louisa. Cannily declining this gambit, and several others of the same sort, I halted my reading a few paragraphs short of the conclusion and then I tried to anticipate the surprise ending.

So began several days and nights of torment. As I re-read the story, one thing, at least, became clear: the surprise ending, whatever it was, simply *had* to be a wow. The story, in all other respects, had nothing at all to recommend it. Therefore it was with a keen intellectual interest that I applied myself to the text, ceaselessly scrutinizing every nuance, penetrating every ambiguity, and generally conducting myself in the manner of a New Critic gone mad.

But to no avail. The secret remained locked in those impenetrable pages, and at last, utterly confounded by Mr. Coates' subtlety, I gave up the attempt and turned to the end of the story:

> . . . it was not the rope but a pitchfork, sharp-tined and menacing, that he saw pointing down at him.
>
> It was aimed at his chest, and as he saw her face, curiously stern and intent, sighting down along it, he had a moment when he wondered bewilderedly what she was up to. "Hey! Hey, wait!" he cried. Then, already teetering with surprise, he felt the sudden sharp push of it, tried to dodge, backed a step, and felt air—eternity, really—beneath him. Louisa, it seemed ("I'll *kill* you," she'd said), had succumbed to the force of suggestion, too.

Like the protagonist, I had a moment when I "wondered bewilderedly" what Mr. Coates was up to, and then the full awareness of his incompetence in this line of work struck me like a blow, and I hurled the book against the wall with a hoarse bellow of rage. *Louisa!* And, as if it were not enough that he should attempt to fob off the most obvious possible conclusion as a surprise, Mr. Coates evidently felt compelled to repeat Louisa's tell-tale remark, lest some poor obtuse boob of a reader should fail, even then, to get the drift. Faugh.

Also included in this collection are a number of stories which make no pretense whatever of surprising the reader. They may have literary merit or they may not. I am in no mood to judge.

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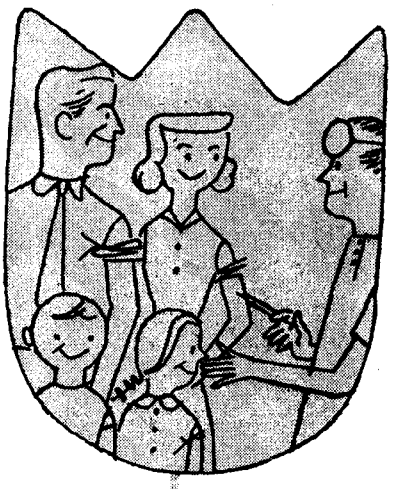

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FRANCIS HACKETT . . . . . *"The Self is a Bore"*

WHILE reading Krishnamurti's *Commentaries on Living,* I noticed in *The New Republic* a letter that spoke of "the Hindu-Platonic infatuation." It was signed by Robert E. Fitch, Dean, Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California.

There is this problem with opinion, as with currency, that bad money drives out good. How sound was Dean Fitch's opinion on the Hindu-Platonic concepts? Here is what he said:

> The Hindu-Platonic infatuation with the timeless, the selfless, the eternal, the impersonal, is the exact opposite of anything in the Biblical heritage.

If this were sound, and if I shared the infatuation, I'd find myself at odds with our Biblical heritage. How uncomfortable! But has Dean Fitch ever heard of Dean Inge? I line up with Dean Inge on the Platonic infatuation, which flatly contradicts Dean Fitch, bringing the good news of Plato's share in our Hebrew-Christian heritage, even as regards the Eternal.

"Dean Inge," said Bertrand Russell

> . . . in his invaluable book on Plotinus, rightly emphasizes what Christianity owes to him. "Platonism," he says, "is part of the vital structure of Christian theology, with which no other philosophy, I venture to say, can work without friction." There is, he says, an "utter impossibility of excising Platonism from Christianity without tearing Christianity to pieces." He points out that Saint Augustine speaks of Plato's system as "the most pure and bright in all philosophy," and of Plotinus as a man in whom "Plato lived again," and who, if he had lived a little later, "would have changed a few words and phrases and become a Christian." Saint Thomas Aquinas, according to Dean Inge, "is nearer to Plotinus than to the *real* Aristotle."

Now with Saint Augustine and Saint Thomas Aquinas on Dean Inge's side of the fence, one need only say that it is not Plato who is infatuated.

As to the slur on Hinduism, it is no better founded. Nor is it well-advised. The only hope for humanism is to reject as base currency precisely this kind of reckless utterance, and indeed it cannot be made with impunity. Religious isolationism, like political isolationism, is too expensive a luxury. Asia today is no further away than the East River or Gettysburg. Its modes of understanding are different from ours but they have a direct and unavoidable practical bearing on joint existence. Hence our readers' view of a book like Krishnamurti's *Commentaries on Living,* which takes our common human nature as its province, should not be prejudiced by the shallow pronouncement of Dean Fitch. It is the book of a seer, and one who intermediates between the East and the West.

Krishnamurti is outside politics. He does not tag people according to class, race or creed. In these excerpts from his notebooks, we meet a large number of people who came to him in trouble, but he does not differentiate between egoism in Hindus and Americans. They might all be in a Turkish bath. His talks with them, or dissertations on their everyday confusions and troubles, fill the 88 separate pieces in the short book. Sometimes a man in an airplane starts conversing. Other talks have a California background. A number recall his brilliant semi-tropical Madras, if I guess right, quick with the family life of monkeys, the rasp of parrots, the busy flittings of other birds, glimpses swiftly noted of village and river and mountain. In a paragraph he can evoke India's teeming existence and its pageant of nature, in counterpoint to the questions or creating a mood.

These troubled people seek understanding. His method is not that of psychoanalysis. In at least three chapters he touches on this point. He seeks what he calls "the understanding of the total process." "Authority of any kind is blinding, whether it is collective, the States; or personal, the Master, the savior, the guru." He takes it as given that we can arrive at awareness of ourselves by facing "what *is*," and we have to do this watchfully, silently, and spending time. Then "freedom comes with the truth of what *is*," "only in understanding what *is* is there freedom from what *is*," and this, I take it, means recognizing egoism, which is part of

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"life in time." "Life in time is confusion and misery; but when that which *is* is timeless, there is bliss." "With the understanding of what *is* comes inexhaustible love, tenderness, humility." Thomas à Kempis essayed something like this in *The Imitation of Christ,* but the Oriental, the Hindu-Platonic, arrive otherwise.

He gives us specific cases. We overhear a young wife who is devoured by groundless jealousy, a young dancer who is self-adoring, a business man ridden by inexpressible fears, a mother who has lost her darling son, a man sexually exigent, a woman no longer active in do-good organizations who is desolate, a disciple whose spiritual leader is a gross bully, a deaf lady who detests her affliction, a wife who craves children, arid moneyed men who seek the patent on wisdom, bland workers for Utopia, brotherhood, patriotism, rich woman bent on fulfilling herself, the sacrificial whose real aim is a "refinement of self." At last Krishnamurti cries out, "the self is a bore!"

Western teachers have the idea of sin, original and not so original, and they dial God. There is no such Central in Buddhism, and no such accounting system. It would be impossible in any short review to suggest Krishnamurti's theology, metaphysics or theory of knowledge, but I feel that, as with non-Euclidean geometry, he has hold of a major secret, hard for him to put in English words and confusing when he tries to discriminate between experience and experiencing, between activity and action, between the State in one aspect and in another. I am of accord when he says, "As long as action is the outcome of desire, of memory, of fear, of pleasure and pain, it must inevitably breed conflict, confusion and antagonism." But when he says elsewhere, "self-knowledge is to be discovered in the action of relationship; and all action is relationship," and "the denial of relationship is death," I ask myself, "If most action is self-centred, how is all action relationship?" He throws off generalizations that a C. S. Pierce, a Hume and a Bishop Berkeley could work on into the night. "Thought is the greatest hindrance to love," "Knowledge is a hindrance to the understanding of the unknown," "experience is a barrier to the state of experiencing," "mind cannot understand," "Mind is the area of fear and calculation, envy and domination, comparison and denial, and so love is not." But if mind cures sleeping sickness, yellow fever, malaria, hookworm, isn't it a help toward love? Toward "spontaneity," "direct experiencing," discovery? Is not anti-intellectualism also a hindrance? Much remains for his editor to do next time.

Some years ago we went to Sarobia in Pennsylvania to live in a camp and listen to Krishnamurti every day for perhaps ten days. We had the honor of making his acquaintance and spontaneous as his talks were, unsystematic, elusive, I think of him as one of half a dozen up-above-self people on whom I look, and to whom I look up, as emancipated. Taking from such phrases as spontaneity, direct experiencing, relationship, "generosity of heart," the notion of his basic theme, I regard him as an avatar, though moving in a cloud. "Love is so rare in this world, that flame without smoke. The smoke is overpowering, all-suffocating, bringing anguish and tears."

He means that. He does not lap himself in a white or yellow robe. He surely goes on wearing Cambridge flannels and a tweed coat, and his gaze can still rest lovingly on a racing car. Turn him inside out, stand him on his head, palp him as a psychometrist or detective or the writer of a Profile, and he is no other than he seems, a free man, one of the first quality, growing older as diamonds do but the gem-like flame not dating, and alive in these *Commentaries.* "To be free of pain," he says, "needs supreme intelligence." This kind of intelligence inhabits him and quivers in him and enables him not to give pain, but so finely that you might think he was quite unmoved, still as a propellor in revolution, which seems a non-self, since you can look through it. He is mobile in what he calls understanding, and this is worth pondering in his book. It is a treasure.

Notes on Contributors

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE is the editor of *Punch.* WITTER BYNNER'S newest publication is a translation of *Iphigenia in Tauris.* CHARLES CURRAN is a British political commentator. FRANK GETLEIN is art critic of *The Milwaukee Journal.*

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PAINTING

The Corcoran's Cross-Section

THE CORCORAN BIENNIAL, which opened last week at the Washington gallery, offers a comprehensive view of the full range of American painting now. At one extreme is Joan Mitchell's untitled large canvas showing dribbles of the brighter colors against a ground of dull white. The immediate suggestion is a studio drop cloth. At the other end is John Koch's "The Connoisseurs," a small, conventional view of a threesome looking at small, conventional pictures.

In honor of the event's fiftieth anniversary, the management has undertaken an exercise in institutional humility that is a lesson for us all. From museums and collectors as well as from its own holdings, the Corcoran has assembled two cross sections of the Biennial in time. The first gallery offers the first prize winners of the first twenty-four shows. The second gallery contains "other paintings" from the same exhibitions. The comparison is instructive.

While painters named Metcalf, Redfield and Tarbell were taking the top prizes in the first three shows, for example, the same shows had work from Blakelock, Homer, Cassatt, Ryder, Duveneck and Sargeant. By the time these two shows within a show have reached the forties, the prize winners seem more reasonable, but by that time, too, the prudent viewer is fairly convinced of the futility of any but tentative judgments of work contemporaneous with himself.

The judgments of juries, of course, are a special case. If the Corcoran retrospective indicates that the individual can but say a prayer and take a chance, it proves more strongly that juries are lost before they raise a pencil, that the result of jury awards is usually nobody's deeply felt conviction but only the triumph of the social spirit of compromise.

Compromise, on the face of it, would seem to be the presiding genius of this year's awards. The top prize and medal went to Loren MacIver for "The Street," a fine MacIver horizontal in which doorways, windows, building fronts and a lone tree are seen through the luminous MacIver fog, in this case silvery grey. The fourth prize was given Robert Gwathmey's "Clearing," in which a Negro work gang is caught in a frozen moment in a scrubby pine planting against a violent sky of orange. Despite enormous differences of style and mood, both paintings are within a narrow range of stylized objectivity.

The second and third prizes went to paintings of geometrical theory, the former to Fritz Glarner's "Relational Painting No. 79," the latter to Josef Albers, "Homage to the Square—'yes.' " The Glarner uses the primary colors and white and black in a kind of freer Mondrian pattern—with the important difference that Mondrian arrived at his results from some definite starting point in visual, aural or psychological reality, while Glarner refers only to Euclid. The Albers is a familiar square within a square within a square within a square.

ALL four are first rate examples of what the painters are up to, but it is highly doubtful if any one of the jurymen would vote, on his own, for the line up.

The best advanced painting—a section which is smaller and better chosen than has been usual in recent large shows—seemed to me Ernest Briggs' "Painting, 1956." It is a large vertical canvas covered with brown paint against a thrusting diagonal of black and white. All the paint is put on in thick, sharp streaks. I saw the painting in last winter's large expressionist show at the Walker and was not particularly impressed. Now it seems to have a powerful upward movement, as if mud were behaving like quicksilver.

The relatively conservative section of the Corcoran is weak, although there are certainly a lot of examples. Isabel Bishop's "Nude #2" is a perfectly drawn, Michelangelesque female cutting her toe nails. Whatever one may believe about the unimportance of subject matter, there is a fitness between thing shown and the manner of showing that is missed when absent.

Ben Shahn's "Second Spring" is a joy and a delight. The flat, black suited figure of a man sits on the grass beside an aging maiden in a flowered print who proffers him a bouquet. His long arm terminates in a hand over his mouth as he stares in panic at the viewer. The lavenders of the girl's frock and flowers are reflected in the folds of his black suit.

Ignoring Kurt Seligmann's familiar treatment of a familiar theme, Kay Sage is about the only surrealist on board with an important work. "Le Passage" presents a nude girl from the back sitting on a crag high above a landscape of squares that reaches to infinity away. With none of the gimmicky suggestive objects of her painting in the Whitney annual, Sage here gets perfectly the surrealist feeling of loneliness.

Martin Ries offers a small comment on the relations between art, sex and religion in "Holyman in a Sacred Landscape." The holyman is a smooth, hard cylinder inhabited by a squiggly, linear form suggesting a boneless man. The landscape is rolling and rather viscous. Over the scene brood two moons, one of them black. The painting is literary, perhaps, but amusing, too.

Abraham Rattner's still life of fish returns to the strong, linear Rattner before the violent reds and dangerously built-up paint of the prairie paintings. This cool, controlled composition done in whites and faint blues mostly, succeeds beautifully with much more restraint of line and impasto than the painter had even before the prairie.

Balcomb Greene, in "Woman Dressing" uses the same disappearing image and the same combination of torso and cloudscape that he has done before. It is extremely effective. Greene's monumental figure seems one closely related to nature. His disappearing image—woman fades into cloud—strikes the viewer as a matter of vision rather than the busy intellect at work.

OF the painters who have been around a good while, I thought Sheeler's cool, flat construction of intersecting farmhouse façades, "On a Shaker Theme" one of the best things. The love and light with which Sheeler paints is clear in every element of the work, yet there is not, as there never has been, a moment's danger of emotion slopping over the canvas as it does too frequently in both extremes of American painting.

The Biennial will be at the Corcoran through March 10 and at the Toledo Museum for the month of April.

FRANK GETLEIN

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Correspondence

(*Continued from page 3*)

foreign policy ought to reflect national political and economic interest but also the aspirations toward freedom and human dignity of all peoples, without trying to reduce one wholly to the other, I should say that the dignity of man has been dragged as deeply into the mud as our national prestige by the events of the past few months. A *New Yorker* "Letter from Paris" reports a French view of Eisenhower as the "pacifist general," and I am in accord with Morgenthau's criticism of that pacifism. I also agree that the simple-minded attitude of the administration toward "aggression" is to be deplored, and that the failure to understand what the United Nations really is, and to make it a substitute for foreign policy, is to be condemned. The strictures on both Eisenhower and Dulles are no less than is deserved.

You publish four criticisms of Morgenthau in your December 31 issue. Only one of them, it seems to me, goes deep enough to merit reply. That is William N. Leonard's. Mr. Leonard appears to be something of a "moralist," as I am, rather than a "realist" like Morgenthau. His vague reference to "colonialism," however, ignores the fact that Britain and France were not trying to colonize or annex Egypt, and that their undoubtedly ill-advised military action was undertaken only after they despaired of getting a serious discussion of their problems from the administration in Washington. Mr. Leonard seems to assume, as does the administration, that one may "fill the power vacuum in the Middle East" by voting on the Soviet and Arab-Asian side a few times in the United Nations. I do not understand the remainder of his letter. I thoroughly agree that we ought to try to promote human welfare in international relations. How does that square with the administration's giving aid and comfort to the Soviet-backed Egyptian dictator, refusal to help the Hungarians even to the extent of recognizing Anna Kethly's rather than Janos Kadar's title to represent the Hungarian people, in the UN and out, and repeated reassurance to the Soviet leaders, deep in an internal crisis of their whole orbit, that we will never do anything to encourage their people's will to freedom? Where is our devotion to Mr. Leonard's "war of ideas and principles"?

The unfortunate fact is that the youth of the Middle East were gravely influenced by the Communists long before the present Middle East "case"—as Mr. Morgenthau might put it—erupted for the consideration of our policy-makers. Does anyone think we can win them for freedom by a little scurrying around by Mr. Lodge in the UN? The administration, according to the latest reports, is now thinking of a gigantic "aid program" which will save the Middle East, coupled with stand-by powers to oppose Russian armed force. What if the Egyptian dictator, with further Russian arms, but with the help of American loans, slips further into the Soviet orbit?

The elementary fact that governments are only as strong as the people who are in them and who support them, that UN delegations are only as strong as the governments who send them to New York, still eludes our diplomats. Mr. Morgenthau may be only a "realist," but Eisenhower and Dulles are not even moralists. If we discover that the Emperor has no clothes on, perhaps this may serve as the first step to scraping him up appropriate attire. And let no one confuse Morgenthau's argument with partisanship. His indictment of the Democratic failure to criticize the administration for the collapse of our foreign policy, and lack of constructive discussion of alternatives, is also a powerful one. The issue is not Morgenthau, nor even Eisenhower—for better or worse, he is our president for four more years—the important thing is to get serious discussion of foreign policy into the open. The only hope is to get the facts, and an outline of the measures needed, through to the President. Let us therefore put Never-Never Land behind us, and move into the world of 1957. Mr. Morgenthau has taken a long step to getting us there.

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► *Faculty Fashions*

SIRS:

IRVING HOWE conceded the correctness of Morton Cronin's version of "Faculty Fashions" (*NR*, January 7) right at the start of his rebuttal when he called Cronin a "neo-conservative guerrilla in academic robes."

What is so bizarre about the notion of a neo-conservative as a member of an academy as to merit the appellation of guerrilla? Evidently Cronin's professorship is not enough of a license for him to enter the arena of ideas as a duly-accredited combatant. What more proof is needed that opinions like Cronin's will get him "read out of the club" by men like Howe.

Howe would rather, as he says, that liberals should "close shop and admit that *National Review* is right" than condescend to argue with Mr. Cronin, or, for that matter, with *National Review*, one might add. Not that Mr. Cronin and *National Review* are necessarily the same breed of cats. That doesn't matter. Their guilt by an association now pointed out by Mr. Howe will be clearly evident to Mr. Howe's friends.

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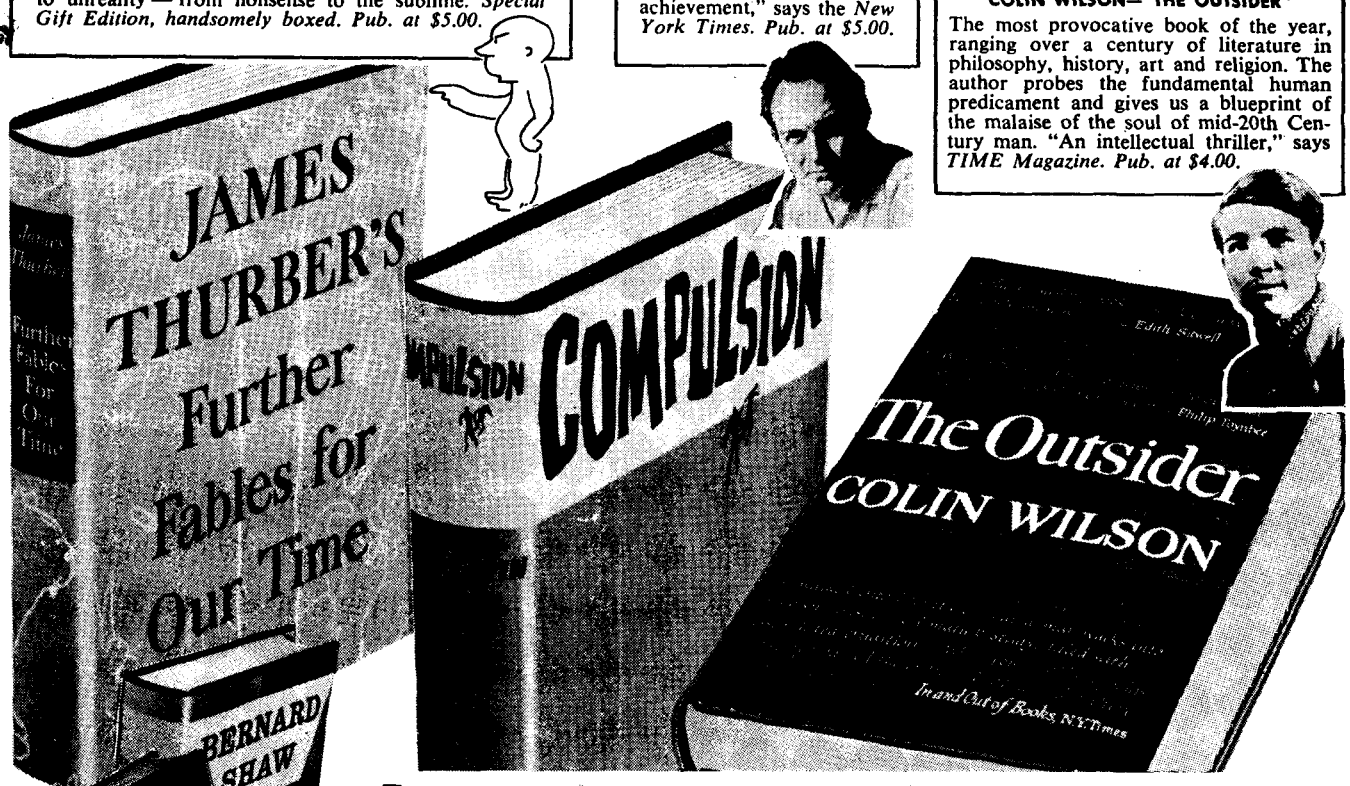

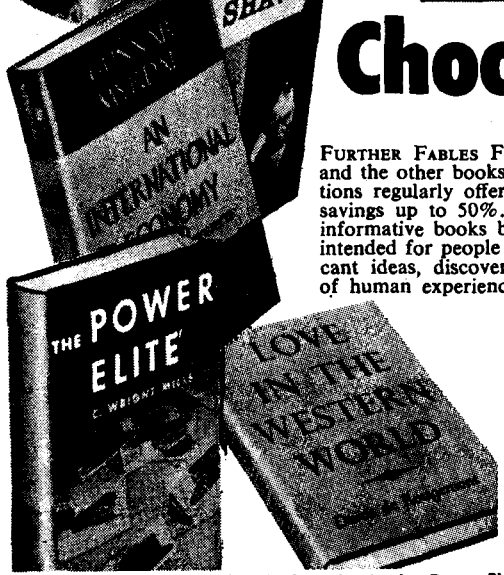

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